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A New Standard of Value.

With the discussion raging over the  
high cost of living, various theories have  
been evolved for settling once and for all  
the great problem of human sustenance  
and apparel. One of the most original is  
that of Prof. J. P. Norton, of Yale, whose  
occupancy of the chair of political economy  
should make his words worth listening to.

Prof. Norton recommends an imaginary  
coin to which he would give the name of  
"dill." Unfortunately for this learned  
colleague man, the name has done the business.  
The humorist will find plenty of opportunity  
to dally with the "dills," while the political economists and financiers  
are dilly-dallying over stock market  
quotations and necessity's equations.

Prof. Norton's idea would be to abolish  
the money standard. We still would have  
money as a commodity, but the price of  
gold would fluctuate as that of eggs.  
Such articles as beef, the grains, sugar,  
and other largely used staples would set  
the standard by which prices of other  
articles would be fixed. In theory the  
"dill" will always buy the same amount  
of commodities. Porterhouse at a dill a  
pound can go up 20 per cent and still cost  
just a dill, for theoretically wages will  
have gone up 20 per cent at the same  
time. So will taxes, and all other barter  
and exchange. When the price of eggs  
drops from 45 to 34 cents, the dill will  
buy the same number of eggs as before.  
So much for Prof. Norton's explanation,  
which may explain to a scientific re-  
searcher, but to the man of affairs it is  
not quite on a par with Euclid.

Were we all believers in thought trans-  
ference and mental suggestion, the dill  
might prove satisfactory. Were the con-  
centration of the mind sufficient to bring  
a pair of boots or a nicely laundered shirt,  
the dill would have many adherents.  
Could we appease the landlord by offering  
him as many dills as he asked, this imagi-  
nary coin would have the greatest vote  
ever known in a popularity contest. But  
the magic of the word is not sufficient.  
Prof. Norton has not convinced a skepti-  
cal public.

Cynicism from New York.

One of the New York dailies, in an  
editorial which was meant to be humor-  
ous, recently told its readers that a car-  
toon proving popular in the West de-  
picted the United States as divided into  
two parts by a high wall separating  
Manhattan Island from the rest of the  
country. A gentleman in silk hat, meant  
to be a Wall street magnate, but ac-  
tually suggesting a cross between an  
undertaker and a cab driver, stood on  
Manhattan Island with his face to the  
sea, saying: "We are the stuff."

In commenting on these conditions the  
metropolitan daily states that it is the  
old charge, the old grievance, the old taunt,  
that New York, self-centered, provincial,  
refuses to recognize that any good might  
come from west of the Hudson. It sar-  
castically admits that the cartoonist has  
succeeded in imparting to the remainder  
of the nation so noble an appearance of  
strength and amplitude, and giving to  
Manhattan so ridiculous an air of incon-  
sequence, that the effect is simply over-  
whelming to Western eyes.

Continuing in this strain, this repre-  
sentative New York publication goes on  
to define the word provincial, and, in its  
wisdom, says the term is ill-advised in  
this connection, declaring the term which  
the Western editor should use is "petty."  
It complacently adds that it is the non-  
provincial person who can get along in  
absolute contentment on his own re-  
sources, the inference being that New  
York's resources are such that it can  
hold aloof from the remainder of the na-  
tion.

So apparent is the fallacy of this state-  
ment that it is useless to discuss it. Only  
some writer with a narrow mind and  
views regarding the United States, as a  
whole, would make such a statement. It  
may be that there are a few people in  
New York who honestly believe this, but  
the thinking class, even of that metropo-  
lis, know better. The great West is self-  
sustaining, and New England is much  
more so than is New York City. As far  
as the daily life of the average American  
citizen is concerned, New York could  
sink to the bottom of the ocean, and 75  
per cent of the population of this country  
would be but little affected. What would  
be the result to New York City if the  
transportation lines radiating to the  
West, South, and North were suddenly  
to cease their activity? New York is fed  
by the remainder of the country. It gets  
its money, exclusive of the comparatively  
small amount brought to the port, from  
the entire nation. Granted that the ex-  
ecutive departments of large industries  
are located in New York, these depart-  
ments are not as essential as the fac-  
tory or other mercantile industry which  
is located outside of the city.

The editorial closes as follows:

"Wherefore, we submit that if New  
York fails to discern in the life of the  
great West issues as vital as the Western  
newspapers find in life on Manhat-

tan Island, perhaps there is something  
to be said for New York's provincialism."  
In the eyes of the Manhattanites, this  
may be making out a good case, but un-  
doubtedly, the great West will not take  
the same view.

The Teachers Should Teach.

The teachers in the public schools who  
have been devoting their leisure time to  
practicing various professions are to be  
informed by the board of education that  
in the future this condition of affairs  
will not be tolerated. The action of the  
board is a wise one. One of the reasons  
why the teachers were given a substan-  
tial increase of salary was that their  
work is so exhausting that it practically  
saps their energies after a few years of  
service. Even the three or four months'  
vacation which each teacher enjoys, and  
which does not fall to the lot of the gov-  
ernment clerk or the employee of a busi-  
ness establishment, is said not to be too  
long a necessary recuperation.

Teachers who spend in other occupa-  
tions a large portion of time not devoted  
to school work cannot be as well equip-  
ped for their daily task as those who do  
not let their brains during leisure hours.  
No man can serve two masters. The gov-  
ernment, which employs the teachers, has  
a right to ask their undivided attention  
to their work.

Reforming the Rural Mail Carriers.

It has been determined by the bigwigs  
who rule the destinies of the Post-office  
Department that the rural mail carrier  
must take his highly important assign-  
ment more seriously hereafter.

Hitherto the rural mail carrier has  
been a sort of law unto himself. Like  
the wind that blows where it listeth, this  
servant of "Uncle Sam" has for many  
months trod undisturbed a primrose path  
of his own fashioning. He has loitered  
along and distributed the mail at his own  
sweet pleasure. He has stopped to chat  
with the pretty country lassies and swap  
yarns with the conversationally inclined  
yokels by the way. The country stores  
have come to know him as a daily vis-  
itor; and the promising fishing holes ad-  
jacent to his route have seen him often,  
mayhap not wisely, but too well. Now  
and then, too, he has been inclined to take  
his trusty fowling piece along, that he  
might replenish his larder at home with a  
fat and juicy squirrel, or mayhap a rabbit  
or an unwary robin or a quail.

But the farmer has grown impatient  
of these erstwhile approved pastimes, it  
seems, and his vociferous and vehement  
protest has been lodged accordingly with  
the powers that be. The rural mail de-  
livery has put the farmer in such close  
touch with the everyday world—the pul-  
sating, throbbing, swiftly changing pres-  
ent—that he wants to know what is going  
on right now. The old way of waiting  
until the end of the week to catch up  
with the trend of events has played out.  
The passing and repassing of scouting au-  
tomobiles, the tinkle of telephone bells,  
the screech of the not far distant rail-  
road engine—these things remind him  
that the nation is alive and pushing, shov-  
eling, crowding toward its destiny, what-  
ever that may be. And so he wants his  
mail—quick, hot, and with the gum on  
the envelopes hardly dry!

And that is why the rural mail carrier  
must "perk up" and "get a move on."  
He must have a vehicle hitched to some-  
thing swift, and he must keep it in motion.  
His whistle must be of carrying  
power sufficient to reach the farthest field  
and the most remote worker therein.  
Time, time, time—the conservation of  
time! That is the great American cry of  
to-day—the cry that is penetrating the  
most peaceful and restful centers of our  
civilization.

The rural mail carrier may as well pre-  
pare now for another demand that is  
coming soon, moreover. He will be re-  
quired to travel in a honk-honk car next!

If the Democratic party does get to-  
gether next November and the Republican  
party does not, probably Halley's comet  
will be to blame!

"Congress will adjourn before Mr.  
Roosevelt returns," predicts the Chicago  
Record-Herald. Is this a subtle effort to  
hurry Mr. Roosevelt's home-coming?

A car load of eggs from Europe! Will  
the great American hen stand for an  
invasion of pauper European eggs?

"An Iowa girl went crazy after a man  
had hugged her simply," notes a contem-  
porary. Hereafter, this man probably  
will remember to hug Iowa girls extra-  
vaguantly.

Guatemalan mail clerks are accused of  
taking the government mail sacks and  
making them into clothing. Many a mail  
clerk in this country will hold up his  
hands in holy horror at this, however,  
nevertheless, does not hesitate in the least  
to read all the postal cards coming under  
his observation.

A Senator points out the fact that pie  
commodities precisely the same price per  
unit in the Capitol restaurant that it did  
twenty years ago. How about the price  
of the cuts, Senator?

A prohibition election is soon to be held  
in Chicago, and a petition looking to one  
in Milwaukee is being circulated. One thing  
seems fairly well established, anyway:  
No proposition is so tough that the propo-  
sitionists will not tackle it.

Liberian exports to this country last  
year amounted to the magnificent sum of  
\$73. This would seem to relieve Liberia  
of any great responsibility for the high  
cost of living in the United States.

A Tennessee judge has ruled that pos-  
session of a Federal license is not prima  
facie evidence that the holder thereof is  
selling liquor. Neither, we should say,  
is it prima facie evidence that he is a  
Sunday school superintendent.

The present Congress has sent out ap-  
proximately \$400,000 worth of seeds. Still,  
if that were the worst count in the in-  
dictment, we should be getting off easy,  
perhaps.

Gov. Vardaman charges the "big  
trusts" with responsibility for his present  
predicament. Occasionally, some-  
body says a good word for the trusts,  
after all!

"A stranger in Washington mistook  
Speaker Cannon for a minister the other  
day," says the Rochester Democrat.  
Well, now, surely nobody will be hold-  
ing out to charge that up to "Uncle Joe."

"Noah was the first man to ride upon  
the water wagon," observes the Omaha

Bee. But the subsequent proceedings  
differentiate Noah not at all from the  
ordinary run of water wagon passengers.

"The best writers, newspapers or other-  
wise, write what they believe and like,"  
says the New York Mail. And not very  
much of that.

Somebody is bound to hit it right. Every-  
thing imaginable has been predicted as  
the thing Mr. Roosevelt will do when  
he gets back home.

Mr. Glavis may be a "megomaniac,"  
but he is a hard man to rattle, neverthe-  
less!

Mr. Andrew Carnegie is always happy.  
It matters not whether his income be  
\$1,000,000 per week or \$1,000,025; he smiles  
on and on and on!

Mr. Taft may find life in the White  
House "lonely," but Mr. Bryan, for one,  
is not going to believe that it has no  
compensating counter attractions.

"Dr. Cook is in Chile," observes the  
Philadelphia North American. Impossi-  
ble! He was in Chile day before yester-  
day. He must be in South Africa by this  
time, at least.

Things of "Chanticleer" persuasion be-  
ing the rage nowadays, perhaps the  
chicken show may supplant the horse  
show next fall.

"A hen at Cornell has been laying eggs  
in the college colors," says the Charle-  
stown News and Courier. That is all very  
nice, of course, but if the hens will all  
keep right at work on their regular jobs  
and never mind the fancy stunts, humani-  
ty at large nowadays will be under many  
obligations to them.

The motion not to thrust any honors  
whatever upon Prof. "Matt" Henson  
seems to be practically unanimous. Even  
"Path" himself is not kicking.

Robins sell in Tennessee at 10 cents  
per dozen. Right now is the time to start  
a movement in favor of the conservation  
of robins.

The English King's occasional speech  
to his lords and gentlemen in Parliament  
assembled may have its weak points, but  
in one thing it is particularly strong. It  
never comes out at night after its de-  
livery to sit on his majesty's chest like  
an elephant.

Notwithstanding the shaking of Sen-  
ator Elkins' gory locks, the high cost of  
living has not black-pedaled an inch.

CHAT OF THE FORUM.

An Admission by the Speaker.  
From the Baltimore Sun.  
Mr. Cannon frankly admits that he is not the most  
popular American.

Glavis Compared to Hannibal.  
From the Norfolk Herald.  
L. R. Glavis is only twenty-six years old, but so  
was Hannibal when he crossed the Alps.

Mr. Loeb's Enemies.  
From the Birmingham Post-Herald.  
The returning-tourist will be cast against Mr.  
Loeb when he runs for governor of New York.

Hughes as a Mere Spectator.  
From the Denver Republican.  
Gov. Hughes says he intends to retire from public  
life. May be that means he will accept the Vice  
Presidency.

No Difficult Feat for Him.  
From the Providence Journal.  
Col. Roosevelt is approaching the banks of the  
Nile, but his hour for contemplating a crossing of  
the Red Sea is yet to come.

Stars in Minor Roles.  
From the Indianapolis News.  
It begins to look as if the lawyers in the Ballinger-  
Pinchot investigation were going to be the real  
stars, and the persons who were originally most  
concerned merely the supporting cast.

Mr. Bryan Finally Wins.  
From the Seattle Post-Intelligencer.  
Eugene V. Debs says he has retired from the field  
as a candidate, and Mr. Bryan will be pleased to  
hear, upon his return from the South, that he has  
at last won an endurance contest.

Faith in President Taft.  
From the Kansas City Journal.  
When the forces of opposition in various quarters  
have been spent and the sober judgment of the  
American people is brought to measure his acts  
and motives in the light of results, there is reason to be-  
lieve that President Taft will more than justify the  
faith that has been reposed in him by his party.

Senator Dick Denies Reports.  
From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.  
Senator Dick still insists that reports of his po-  
litical demise are greatly exaggerated.

Not a Party Matter.  
From the New York Sun.  
Without doubt Mr. Payne, whose name is asso-  
ciated with the new tariff law, cherishes the hope  
that nothing will come of the inquiry to show that  
the tariff makers are responsible in any degree for  
the burdensome cost of living; and the Hon. Champ  
Clark would not be a stalwart Democrat if he did  
not pray that the investigation will furnish his  
party with capital for the Congress campaign. While  
no one is devoted by the professions of these gentle-  
men, both of whom are robust party men, nonpartisan-  
ship is the best policy in this case. The public  
temper demands that the light be turned on and  
that all the facts be brought out.

The Trouble with It.  
From the Chicago Record-Herald.  
"There is only one trouble with your  
play," said the manager.  
"What's that?" asked the eager drama-  
tist. "Isn't there enough action in it?  
Does it lack situations? Don't you find  
the dialogue bright enough? Or do you  
find that the moral is not brought out as  
clearly as you could wish?"  
"Oh, it's all right in those respects, but  
I'm afraid it couldn't be novelized if it  
should make a hit."

On a Par.  
From the Cleveland Leader.  
"Do you understand the English politi-  
cal situation?"  
"No. There's only one thing I know  
less about."  
"And that?"  
"The American ditto."

Between the Acts.  
From the Tatler.  
Leading Lady—What caused the fire?  
Walking Gentleman—Why, old Muggins,  
who was playing the villain, threw his  
lighted cigarette into the snow.

Work for the Blind.  
From the Philadelphia Record.  
Blindness is a terrible affliction,  
what would you do if you should lose  
your sight?  
Slobbs—I'd get a job as a chauffeur.

For Appearances Sake.  
From the Filadelfia Blatter.  
"Do you mean to say you are thinking  
of a divorce already? Why, you've only  
been married three months!"  
"Do you think I had better wait a little  
longer?"

A Princely Gift.  
From the Chicago Record-Herald.  
"What was the bride's father's present  
to the happy couple?"  
"An order on the butcher for twenty-  
four pounds of sirloin steak."

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

THE SEAL OF SOCIETY.

The suffragette once got the laugh.  
In books and plays  
It was the proper thing to chaff  
Her funny ways.  
But there has been a change, I note;  
It's stylish now to want to vote.

No social queens to-day decay  
The suffragette.  
She has been studied and honored by  
The Newport set.  
The ultra swell upon her dote;  
It's stylish now to want to vote.

A True Patriot.  
"Doesn't it worry you to get so many  
letters from people whom you don't  
know?"  
"Not in the least," answered the Sen-  
ator. "I rather encourage such cor-  
respondence. It helps to offset that postal  
deficit."

Easy Health.  
The doctor man is very wise, I bank  
upon his skill; instead of taking exer-  
cise, I'd rather take a pill.

Arranging the Anecdotes.  
The jokesmith weaves his tangled web  
And tries to do  
A timely paragraph on Feb.  
The 22.

Piction Capacity.  
"I take six magazines and read them  
all."  
"That beats my record. I can't carry  
over four sets of serial stories in my  
head."

A Hopeless Task.  
"I've given up my idea of trying to  
shock the public," announced the spec-  
tacular dancer.  
"Why?"  
"Oh, it takes too darn much to shock  
the public these days."

Same Old Stock.  
"There are no really new jokes going  
the rounds. You'll admit that, won't  
you?"  
"I'll admit that there are no new cherry  
tree jokes," replied the press humorist  
with a sigh.

An Old Friend.  
"Have you an appointment with the  
President?"  
"No; but it's all right. He'll see  
me. I know. Tell him it's the man with  
the green coat who stood on the dock the  
last time he sailed for the Philippines."

IT HAPPENED IN ARKANSAW.

How the Judge Put Aside His Bible  
to Perform an Unpleasant Task.  
From the Chicago News.  
One Read told this one not long ago:  
"Old Lem Harkins, of Possum Trot, had  
come into the country judge's office. The  
judge said:

"Why, hello, Lem."  
"Hello, judge."  
"Anything going on over at Possum  
Trot?"  
"Nuthin' wuth dividin'."

"That so?"  
"Yeh; nuthin' wuth dividin'. Then after  
a pause: 'Me an' them Hightowehs ain't  
gittin' along right good for a spell.'"  
"No?"

"Nah, not right good." After another  
long exhortation-punctuated pause the  
old man leisurely continued: "T'other night  
about chicken-roostin' time I was a-set-  
tin' in th' house a-readin' uv my Bible  
when I hearn some shootin' outn' th'  
chickens. I ain't paid no 'tention thar  
shootin'. Purty soon th' woman comes  
in, lookin' kind o' pale an' navvous."

"What's th' matter, ol' woman?"  
I says:

"A lot o' them Hightowehs is out  
thar a-shootin' at me," she says.

"Now, I don't like that, Jedge, shootin'  
'round about my house an' skeer'n up all  
them chickens when they orto be a-goin'  
t' roost, an' maybe killin' a calf critter  
somehow. So I lays down my Bible an'  
I goes ovah in th' cornen an' picks up  
my Winchester an' I looks out th' Win-  
dow. Thar stands five o' them Hightowehs  
outside my fence with thel' guns, I jes'  
draps a few bullets amongst 'em an'  
goes back t' my readin'."

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